THE GINGERBREAD MAN. 11.7 Copyright. 1906, by E. Frank Baum.

The baker awoke at 3 o'clock and soon afterward came downstairs yawning and cubbing his eyes in his accustomed manner. For it is a real hardship to arise in the midfle of the night and go to work, and M. Tules sometimes regretted that he was such a skilful baker; for any other profession would have allowed him to sleep until day-

But the bread and rolls and gingerbread must be fresh and warm by breakfast time, or the people would be sadly disappointed, and the only possible way to get them ready was to start the work at 3 o'clock.

First, he lighted the big swinging lamps, which made the room bright as day, and then he built the fires in the great furnaces. Presently these last were roaring in a very businesslike manner, and as soon as he heard the roar M. Jules began to whistle, It was his custom, and kept him from getting briesome while he worked.

Next he kneaded the bread, formed it into loaves, and placed them in long rows upon the slabs, ready for the oven. The rolls were then mixed and kneaded, and it took a longer time to get them ready than it had the bread, for they were small and quite daintily shaped,

But at last the important task was completed, and while they were rising and the ovens heating, Monsieur mixed his gingerbread and cakes

Somehow, the work progressed very swiftly this morning, and after a time the baker found he had a good hour to spare before the ovens would be ready. Then an idea struck him,

"Why, to-day is the Fourth of July," he thought, "and that is a national holiday. I think I will make a fine gingerbread man, such as I used to make in Paris, and put it in the shop window to attract attention. These Americans like enterprise, and they have never seen a gingerbread man, for I have not made one since I came to this country."

With M. Jules to think was to act and scarcely had he spoken these words when he began to gather his material together for a great batch of gingerbread dough. For he resolved that the man he was about to make should be big enough and fine enough to arouse the wonder of all

He began by filling a great bowl with four and then rubbed into the flour some butter and lard. "That will make it short," said Monsieur

"although it is to be a tall man." Then he added some molasses

"He will be a sweet fellow," thought the baker, smiling at his own pleasantries. Then he shook in the ginger and several fragrant spices, and began mixing the dough into one great mass.

"It is too stiff," reflected the baker, a few moments later. "My man must not be stiff; that would render him disagreeable."

He laughed at the whimsical thought and, glancing around, saw the brown bowl that Madame had left sitting upon a corner of the table. It was nearly full of the precious liquid, and M. Jules, with his mind intent upon his work, never stopped to wonder how it come there.

Perhaps he thought he had himself un-Anyway, he dumped all the Essence of Vitality-the Great Elixir which could never be duplicated in all the world-into the mass of dough he was preparing for his gingerbread man!

Monsieur merely noticed that the dough had now become the proper consistency,

TRAP AT A TABLE D'HOTE.

Failure of a Scheme to Make a Diner

Buy Drinks-A Lost Tip.

The sign, "Table d'Hôte, \$1," in front of a

Broadway restaurant attracted the atten-

tion of a prosperous looking man one

evening last week. He was hungry and

The waiter showed him to a table. A

"Oysters, purée Mongole and broiled

As course after course was served he

forgot that the portions were meagre, for

there were plenty of other dishes to come.

dust as he was finishing his entrée the

fard first offered him and in a moment

returned with another eard.
"What will you have next, sir?" asked

Then, for the first time, the guest noticed

But your sign outside distinctly says

that the table d'hôte dinner is \$1," protested

"The menu card was wrong," returned the head waiter. "As soon as we noticed the mistake we sent you the corrected menu card."

"Then you admit having made two ma-takes," said the guest. Very well, I re-fuse to pay more than \$1." "Monsieur will save himself much annoy."

name by ordering something to drink. That will make the amount all right, suggested

will make the amount all right, suggested the head waiter.

"You mean that you can buildoze me into ordering drinks, sh? Well, suppose I tell you I never touch drinks of any kine?"

"Monsieur's check is for \$1.25, said the waiter, hencely.

Vacy well. Suppose I go by your menu eard here, which says that diarer is \$1 unless drinks are ordered. On the back of that eard I see that whiskey is 15 cents.

Suppose I order a whiskey straight; will my

toppose I order a whiskey straight; will my

that across the face of the new menu card

waiter unostentiously removed the menu

large menu card, with the words reiterated,

"Table d'Hôte, \$1." was handed him.

fresh mackerel." he ordered.

shrugging his shoulders.

he entered.

the waiter.

Whistling merrily, he presently spread the huge batch of dough upon the high table and began rolling it and working it into the shape he desired

Ah but M. Jules Grogrande was a true artist, although a baker! Under his skilful hands the gingerbread man slowly but surely took form; and the form was fully as large as that of a well grown fourteen-vear-old boy.

But it was by no means a boy that Monsieur was forming with such care; it was, rather, the figure of a typical French gentleman, such as may seldom be met with elsewhere than on the boulevards of Paris. It was interesting to watch the figure grow; interesting, of 'course, to M. Jules, as there

was no one else in the bakeroom to see. The man appeared to be dressed in excellent fashion. Monsieur made him a collar and shirt front of white bread dough, which looked very beautiful in contrast to the brown gingerbread dough of his clothes. Then with a lump of dough, carefully kneaded, he formed the man's necktie making a very artistic bow, indeed.

A waistcoat of fashionable cut was next added. The buttons on the man's coat were white lozenges, and to represent shoes the baker mixed his dough with licorice, until the shoes seemed as black and shiny as if freshly polished.

You would have loved to see, could you have been present, the delicate skill with which the clever baker carved the hands and fingers of his man, using a small but sharp knife and patting and rounding each dough finger into proper shape. He even clipped from a sheet of transparent celluloid the finger nails and pressed them carefully into the dough at the ends of the fingers. Who but Monsieur would ever have thought of such a thing?

But after all it was upon the face that the baker exercised his best skill. As a sculptor forms his models out of clay, so Monsieur pressed and squeezed and moulded his pliant dough until every feature of the gingerbread man became wonderfully life-

Of course, the face was made of the white dough, with just a trifle of the pink coloring mixed into it to make it resemble real flesh. But the wavy hair that surrounded

the face was of gingerbread dough, as its brown color, after it had been baked, would be quite natural and lifelike. Among the things brought from Paris by the Grograndes was a pair of excellent glass eyes, and M Jules rummaged in a

fell in a heap upon the floor, being overcome by a fainting spell. drawer until he found them and then pressed them into the dough face. And and opened the shop, gazed upon her husband's terrified actions with an amazement now it positively seemed that the gingerbread man was looking at you, and the that prevented her from moving a limb or eyes lent its face a gentle and kindly exuttering a sound

"There's something lacking, however," murmured the baker, looking at his work critically. "Ah, I know-it's the teetn!" Teeth for a gingerbread man! But othing was easier to represent, once their absence was noted. Between the lips of the man our baker pressed two rows of small white candies, and it was wonderful

its charm to the face. With a sigh of satisfaction in the result f his work, the baker at last declared his a showcase, stepped over the prostrate gingerbread man ready for the oven.

to remark the pleasant smile that now lent

"And it is my masterpiece," cried M. Jules proudly. "Never, even in Paris, have I seen so perfect a man of dough He is well worthy to have a name, and I will call him John Dough, which will be appropriate indeed."

But the great ovens were now glowing brightly, so Monsieur filled them with bread

But your printed card here says 15

nose of the head waiter. Then carefully selecting a one dollar bill he laid it on the

MRS. RUBBERINO HAS SUSPICIONS.

Why Should Her Husband Defend the Auto Woman, the Fashion Woman, the Appendicitis Woman and the Rest?

Mrs. Rubberino began to grind out her grist of news and opinion immediately after dinner the other evening, while he husband vainly endeavored to pick some sense out of the newspaper he was trying

"Well, of all the silly and shoddy snobs in the world, those Lemmelone people in the fourth floor front flat, in the other house, are the worst!" said Mrs. Rubberino, ignoring the suggestive crackling of her husband's newspaper. "They got back to-day, and the way they did lord it around over their having been knocking about

Europe for the last four months.

Their baggage was all littered up with European labels, till you couldn't see for looking-I saw the stuff kicking around out on the sidewalk. It's a wonder to me oven. The dough was perfectly mixed, the that they didn't have labels pasted on themselves when they came back. It would

have been just like them, the upstarts! "And I don't believe one word of it that they've been to Europe at all, so I don't! None knew that better than Jules They might bamboozle other folks with all of those crazy looking labels on their baggage, but they can't fool me!

"Europe? The idea! Didn't Lily Gitnext tell me that she saw their fox terrier running around the lanes of Great Neck? They were probably hiding in some mean little skimpy out of the way place in Great Neck all summer long. It would be just like the Lemmelones to do a thing like

"What's that you say? You met a man the other day who saw the Lemmelones somewhere in the Tyrol last August? I don't believe any such thing, so there now! You know you just made that up to be The Great Elixir had accomplished its contrary.

"The idea of your sitting there and saying such a thing! Well, if you didn't make it up just to be scissorsy, then the man who told you must have had some purpose of his own in working off such a whopper on you. The Tyrol, indeed! They'd look fine gallivanting around the Tyrol, I don't think!

"Well, of all things in this world, what do you suppose I heard, to-day? You know that tacky looking little frazzled out blonde who lives all alone in the first floor back flat? Oh, don't sit there and try to tell me you don't know the one I mean-didn't I see you eyeing her when we met her in the hall only a couple of evenings ago as we were coming in?

Now, what in the name of all that's laughable do you suppose she does for a living, or pretends that she does for a living? Designs costumes for the fashion

"Did you ever hear anything funnier in shop, tossed his hand above his head and all your born days? Such a perfect frump and dowdy designing costumes for fashion papers! I'd give anything in this world just to see one of her costume designs, deed I would!

"I don't believe she could design a Mother Hubbard for a Filipino girl, that I don't. And she's the most independent, stuck up little moocher you ever saw. Never has a word to say to anybody, but just bows to folks in that superior, patronizing, hands off way when she meets 'em in the hall. "That's the kind of woman-those sneaky,

slinky, quiet ones-that I wouldn't trust behind a ten cent piece turned edgewise. 'deed I wouldn't. And the very idea of her pretending to be a designer of swell cos-What's that? You say it isn't necessary

for a woman to wear dead swell clothes herself in order to be a successful designer go ahead and defend her! You're always just crazy to defend everybody but me! "The least little thing I do or say you

ump on me for and you're always attributing the meanest kind of motives to me, band's example. She gave a shrill scream, but just the minute some catty, washed out. threw up her hands and tumbled over unsneaky creature of a woman comes up for discussion, why, you just swell up like a hoptoad in defending her. "It's a mighty peculiar thing, anyhow

that you should defend that woman. There's something in it that I don't exactly understand. It seemed to me that there was a significant exchange of glances between you and that frump when we met her in the hall the other evening, now that I come to think of it, and here you are getting all purple in the face taking up for her.

"It may not mean anything but I don't know. Oh, of course, you can say that you never exchanged a word with the woman in your life, but I've heard you say things like that before, and you say a good many things besides your prayers.

"Well, at last that Stoppit woman-yo know that fat, dumpy thing that lives with her snoop of a husband in the ground floor flat overlooking the court-at last she's had an automobile ride, thank Heaven. She's been going out every single day, ever since she moved in here, swaddled up in an automobile coat and with enough auto veils blowing around her head to wrap up a bale of cotton, but never did I or anybody else around here see her actually riding in an automobile till to-day.

"That noody-naddy of a husband of hers pulled one of the things alongside the curb this afternoon just as I was coming in oh, yes, it was a pretty nice looking sort of a machine, but, of course, it was just a renter one and there she was in the hall, all tittivated up in her ready made automobile things I know the coat's ready made, because I saw one just like it for \$18.88 yesterday and you'd think she was the only human being on top of the globe that had ever so much as smelled the gasolene from an automobile, 'deed you would, to see the way she went on

"She was talking with a loud looking woman whom I don't know in the hall as I came in, and telling her what a fine chauffeur her husband was. And how do you suppose she pronounced chauffour? She pronounced it sho-fer may I never draw another breath if she didn't when anybody who's ever ridden even once in an automo hile knows that shawf-fire is the right way to proposince if.

What? You say sho-fer is right? There you go again, defending another of those creatures! Now, I wonder if you've been making eyes at that dumpy thing, too? Must be something wrong when you take

to defending her the way you do you get just as ugly and diaggreeable as you can preschip he every time I mention the names of these flashy and mysterious women that live around here, and I don't know what to sleep without a clock in the same room. make of it. Shorter! I'd like to know where you ever learned any French!

"Shawf-fure's right, and I know it, and the next time you meet semelocky that known enough to come in out of the rain just you ank of it isn't shawf-fure and find out for yourself. And if you're going to keep right on taking up for these fat, bettle shaped

"Oh, talking about bottles, you know that angular macrolume ohe dowdy of a widow who lives on the SNE floor back.

Mrs. Vanjunk, she calls herself, trying to THE CHRISTMAS MAGAZINES make people believe she's got a Knicker educed in Condensed Form for the booker strain in her, or that her husband Benefit of Busy Readers. has, which is the same thing? Well, she

[For the convenience of those who have cast eyes of desire upon the laden news stands, but who, having perhaps only a few months of spare time, have not felt that they could was going to have an operation performed undertake to read the Christmas magaz they are here reproduced, not one only, but all of them in such condensed form as to render them available for consumption by "Why, when the janitor's wife went up to the busiest shopper.]

A CHRISTMAS RECONCILIATION.

They had quarrelled. Even yet she could see in fancy the proud, hurt look upon his face as he turned away, after the accusation which she now realized had been unjust. Pitterly she recalled hasty words as she hurried along with the throng of Christmas eve shoppers.

A flerce wind blew sharp particles of snow into the faces of the pedestrians and Nell howed her head to meet it as she turned the corner. At that instant she stepped upon a sheet of smooth ice, to fall heavily against the breast of a young man who with gloom clouded brow, was striding along in the opposite direction. "Oh, Jack, forgive me!" she cried, and

buried her fair face in his coat.

And heedless of the smiles of the passersby he took her into his strong arms and mur

in secret myself? How dare you? You know very well that the very slight redness mured:
"My darling! Is there anything I would not forgive you?" of my nose-and nobody else ever notices it and makes mean comments on it but you-

A CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR DOLLY.

I had known Dolly-dear, provoking, wilful, alluring Dolly-for, oh, well, long enough to have proposed and been jected on several occasions and with all manner of discourtesy. Laughingly, disdainfully, haughtily, teasingly and-or perhaps I was mistaken, but it had seemed to me-the last time a little tenderly.

I knew that it was extravagant on my part, for to speak the truth, I am not over burdened with the root of all evil, but as long as they were for Dolly, how could I resist those American Beauties that the florist had cunningly shown me-twelve dozen of them. When I went around that evening, Christmas eve, you know, I found her in a perfect bower of them.

"Oh, you dear old Ned boy!" she cried, giving both my hands a little squeeze "They are just too beautiful—but don't you think you were awfully extravagant! Just think, we could have bought a lovely rug—I mean," she caught herself with a rug—I mean," she caught herself with a flaming blush, "you could have bought a—a

Oh, anything!"
But I had taken her—a defiant, disdainful Dolly no longer—into my arms. The trembling lids slowly fell over moisture dimmed eyes, and she raised her scarlet lips to meet mine.

BANKER ENDICOTT'S GIFT.

The wealthy banker, John Endicott, upon leaving his office, walked slowly up the thronged avenue, his heart made only the more sad by the gayety of the huzrying

Suddenly a cry rang out; there was hasty scattering of the throng, and a horse dashed madly down the street. A tiny form lay upon the snow, the only one who had not escaped in time from beneath the iron hoofs, and John Endicott was the first to reach him. "Are you badly hurt, my little man?"

asked as he lifted him tenderly. A moisture came into his eyes as he note the cleanliness of the little fellow's ragged clothing and the pinched look upon the handsome, sunny little face.

The child struggled manfully, but could not keep back the tears that sprang into his "Oh, no, sir," he sobbed, "but I've lost

my money that I was going to buy my mother a surprise with to make her well some thing, oh, so good to eat."

"Never mind, my little man, perhaps an go together and get what you wanted after all," the banker said consolingly, and few of his business acquaintances would have recognized in the man who led this have recognized in the talist John Endicott.

"This is the place," Harold panted, as, with both their arms full of bundles, they stumbled up a dark and narrow stair. With a joyful shout he threw open a door. "Mamma's darling!" spoke a low, sweet voice from a cot pulled as near as possible to the poor little stove that vainly tried to heat the bare room.

heat the bare room.
On the cot, dressed all in black, lay

On the cot, dressed all in black, lay a woman, still young and beautiful, though sadly wasted by sickness and want. Without observing the stranger she gathered Harold into her arms.

Suddenly a glad cry burst from John Endicott's lips, the bundles fell unheeded from his arms, and he threw himself upon his knees beside the couch.

"My darling, my child! Have I at last found you?" he sobbed, and held her close to his breast.

to his breast.

"My father!" she whispered. "How I have longed for you since poor Tom died.

It was only my pride that kept me away, and you can't blame me for that, dear old

dad, because I get that from you!

A CHRISTMAS FEAST.

We had been married only a month when Jim-dear, cranky boy that he is-decided that he had become a vegetarian. Of course, if he were to decide to become a pirate. I suppose I would have to be a erpirateus, so we started out bravely enough.

Maybe it wouldn't have been so bad in the summer, but really, there doesn't seem to be anything in the winter for a vegetarian to eat except potatoes. I declare positively that I developed a brogue in the course of that awful month. For we really stood it a month, though that month seemed years and years.

I would go blocks out of my way to avoid passing butcher shops where dear, delicious, cannibalish meats were hung up. And when they began to put out great, lovely plump ('hristmas turkeys!

Jim and I both made desperate attempts to be cheerful Christmas morning, but I must confess it was something of a failure. We had declined the invitations of both his we had decided the difference of both his folks and mine to take difference with them, and had made an attempt to get through the day in our own apartment. I had noticed a queer, guilty look in Jim's eyes, and was not supprised when, about 6 o'clock, he got up, and, as if it had just occurred to him, exclaimed:

him, exchaimed:

By theorge! I have got to run 'round to
the club for about an hour, girlie. We are
giving tiriffin a silver shaving set and I
want to hear his little talk when he is pre-

want to hear the sentence of the control with it. I said nothing. For the only time in my life I was glad to see dim go. And he couldn't have been much past the outside lear before I had on my hat and furs. I was desperate. I was bound to have mething to out and I know of a dream of a little restaurant just around the corner. Jim and I had had supper there many times. I aimoss can when I finally got out on the

reached it: the only place vacant being at a lable where a man was already seated, but

I was too hanger to much anything by that time, so allowed the wa ter to seal me op-poster bits. He was reading an evening paper which was held so that I could not Then the wa ter came to get my order.

Oh, I want a lot of turkey and just every-

tring! I said and he was as assured order had be altered in paper.
The man action the table foregoed in paper and I was incaping into don't own, and they ener lameing. Cancel that order of mine and the can the lady has just given and bring us a tarker, a whole one, and according one that you have except

HISTORY TOLD IN GROUPS

NOVEL SHOW IN THE BROOKLYN CHILDREN'S MUSEUM.

The Result of Two Months of Hard Work by Miss Bowen-An Attempt to kepresent Accurately by Models Scenes

in the Early History of America. In the only children's museum in the world, the one in Brooklyn, may be seen an attempt to make history tangible by care. fully studied and modelled groups. Miss Agnes E. Bowen has recently completed a series of three groups, illustrating the Spanish, Dutch and Cavalier types of early settlers within the limits of the United States. It took two months of eight hours work a day to make these three groups.

Standard histories of cos ume were consulted in French and German as well as English. Old prints were sought and copies of paintings of the period represented. History was studied to get the domestic and social life of the types represented. Then the city of New York and the territory as far afield as Canada were ransacked for materials and properties which would truthfully exhibit what the histories had taught.

As a result the three groups are really historical documents, telling their story in wood, papier maché, textiles and some dozens of other materials instead of in paint or printer's ink.

The Dutch group represents a trader's log cabin, surrounded by a stockade, in the woods near Albany. There is a painted forest background, but the nearer woods are of twigs, kiln dried and dipped in the wax used for vegetation in the nature groups at the American Museum of Natural History. At the door stands the Dutch wife in dress accurately copied. The artist has not forgotten to give her very red arms, since red arms, produced by very tight sleeves, were much admired by the Dutch of that day

The trader wears a deerskin suit. Three Indians are selling him bearskins. The bearskins came from a toy shop. Two Indians came from there also, the third being modelled, because no Indian doll could be found which would sit down in a natural attitude. The guns were tiny rifles used as advertisements by a gun store.

The pipe came off a St. Patrick's Day emblem. The settler has two very good hunting dogs, found in a toy store.

A small boy supplied an idea regarding them. "The dogs wouldn't like the Indians," said he. "Their ears would be down instead of up."

Inquiry confirming this view, the ears were properly manipulated

The hunting which it took to find all these things consumed a good part of the two months devoted to the task. A young woman at the museum sacrificed a raven lock of her hair for the Indians' heads, but it was found impossible to manipulate human hair, and fine sewing silk had to be used, each tendril fixed separately in the wax heads with forceps.

The house in the Cavalier group is made of red brick, with brocade curtains at the windows, and the figures are dressed in silk and velvet. The house has ornate porches, with carved pillars and pilasters, the carving being done by hand by Mr. Bender of the American museum. A carriage road made of sot glue, cut with wheel marks and then sprinkled with sand, passes the porch. The grass is the spagnum moss that comes for Christmas trees, each separate spray dipped in hot glue and then fixed in place

Masses of roses, the smallest that come in French artificial flowers, decorate the garden, and were the most expensive property purchased. As for the figures, there is a cavalier on horseback, executing a sweeping salute with his hat to his lady love in the porch above.

a standard history of costume in America. The cavalier is in green velvet corduroy, with a plumed hat in which is a true lover's knot of real gold and diamonds, donated by a feminine enthusiast. The girl on the porch is a beauty in pale blue silk. The blue rosette on the horse's head, matching that on the lady's, is strictly historical, as are the other small details. In the Spanish group the background is a California mission building. In the en-

trance stands a Franciscan friar in the brown robe of the order and a rosary of bird seed. Before him a Spanish soldier is telling of the possibility of another mission further up in the mountains, and he has sketched a picture in the sand with his sword to illustrate his tale. Cactus and other desert growth are scattered about, made by Miss Horsfell, who does such

other desert growth are scattered about, made by Miss Horsfell, who does such things in wax for the American Museum. The groups are 18 inches long by 11 in the other dimensions, and are mounted under glass. Three others will follow shortly, illustrating French, Quaker and New England colonial scenes.

Miss Bowen, who is the first to make groups of this kind, conceived the idea as a child, when her mother used to contrive somewhat similar groups for the ll-lumination of Bible scenes. As she grew older her father used to take her to identify the sites of all the old forts and early settlements about Brooklyn. She grew up with a love of history made tangible, and when Director Lucas of the Brooklyn Museum asked her to carry out her ideas in the history department of the children's museum the groups were one of the results.

The study she has put into them makes them valuable. The interest of the children who frequent the museum was amusing. She worked in the basement and they swarmed about the windows to watch her until they had to be driven away to give her light to work by.

A pretty girl of Brooklyn served as model for the cavaller's sweetheart and posed in the aweeping colonial courtesy while the artist bent the wires to reproduce the posture.

you any more. You restaurant keepers are robbers, anyhow, and you are making a big enough profit on my dinner even at the price I am going to pay you. Take your dollar and vamoose. had been written in red ink: *Dinner \$1.25, unless drinks are ordered. your dollar and vamoose.

Saying which the guest ealmly rose, picked up his hat and stick and started for the door, leaving the head waiter and the table waiter pale with rage. Suddenly the guest Giving the balance of his order, he was Interrupted a moment later by the waiter returning to ask if he wished to order anything to drink. Thank you, some coffee, black, after-

glass window.

turned.
"I nearly forgot you, François," he said to the table waiter. "Though I hear all you waiters own real estate, I guess I'll you waiters own real estate, I guess I'll you waiters own real estate, I guess I'll you waiters as a tip. Catch ward." The waiter departed. Dinner over, the guest called for his give you the extra quarter as a tip. Catch check. It was presented to him, the total And tossing a quarter to the waiter who being \$1.25.

id served him the guest strolled out into "Send me the head waiter," he ordered. François made a grab for the coin, but The head waiter came. The guest pronissed it. The head waiter promptly put is foot upon it. tested against the charge of the extra belongs to the house, François, quarter. "It is our rule," said the head waiter

HIS STEAMHEATED FLAT. Meadvantages of tising by the Calendar

it yet," said the head waiter.

But the menu card first offered me said dinner was only \$1. If you had stated on the menu card that dinner was \$1.25 I would either have left your restaurant or ordered à in carte something else. Why Not by the Weather. They tell me," said the flat dweller that the heat is turned on every year on Detober 15, that that is the custom everywhere; and I suppose they must turn t on that day even if the thermometer is

"But I hope to live to me the day when

the turning on of the heat in flat houses will be regulated by the weather and not by the calendar. In the early fall we atways get a few days when the air is raw and uncomfortable, not freezing, to be sure, but cold emergie in the house, without exercise, to make everytody shrink and shiver with discomfort. Nuch dampcold days coming right after the warmth of summer are as distressing as so many da s without heat, of winter would be. But no heat, because they don't turn on

"and so on such days we must shrink and shiver. We live in an age of reform and some things have been accomplished already. I hape to live to see the day when the turning on of the heat in flat houses will be governed not by the calendar hot-by the weather." the heat until fletoher 15!

25 cents for the whiskey. That is our rule—we serve no drinks unless the amount is 25 cents." ACTS OF KINDNESS May Be Prompted by Various Motives-An

cane in his left hand.

Act of Complex Impulses. cents?"

"That is a mistake, monsieur."

"Another mistake, eh? The third mistake you admit. Now, look here."

The guest thereupon pulled out a large roll of bills and flourished them under the Some men are prompted by selfishness some by pure benovolence, in showing kindness to their fellows, the person bene fited profiting the same, whatever the prompting of his benefactor; though it must be said that while a kindness prompted by selfishness may be as beneficial as any other as far as it goes, yet it is likely to be limited in measure. For a fair example of what might be described as a limited

and rolls and watched them carefully until

the big and little loaves were all done to a

and by the time that dawn arrived the

front shop was stocked with heaps of the

warm, fresh smelling loaves and rolls, and

trays of delicious cakes and buns hot from

Then the baker came back to his ginger-

bread man, which he first placed gently

upon a great iron slab, and then slid into

With great anxiety Monsieur watched the

workmanship was most excellent. Would

the baking turn out to be as perfect as the

Much good dough may be spoiled in the

So he tended the oven with nervous care

and finally, at exactly the right moment

the baker threw open the oven door and

drew out the sheet of iron upon which the

Filled with pride and satisfaction, Mon-

sieur bent admiringly over his great crea-

tion; and as he did so, the gingerbread man

moved, bent his back, sat up and looked

about him with his glass eyes, while a won-

"Dear me!" said he, "isn't it very warm

purpose. The wonderful Essence of Vital-

ity, prized for centuries and closely guarded,

had lent its marvellous powers of energy

and life to a gingerbread man! And all

through the stupidity of a baker's wife who

was color blind and could not distinguish

M. Jules, who knew nothing of the

Arab's flasks or of the Great Elixir, glared

wildly into the glass eyes of the ginger-

bread man. He was at first sure that his

own eyes, and also his ears, had played him

"John Dough, John Dough!" he cried,

"I did," said the gingerbread man, strug-

gling to rise from the slab, "and I declare

M. Jules gave a scream of terror. Then

A moment later he staggered into the

Madame, who had just come downstairs

What in the world could have happened to

Then she received the greatest shock of

From out the door of the bakeroom came

a gingerbread man, so fresh from the oven

that the odor of hot gingerbread sur-

rounded him like a cloud. He looked

neither to right or left, but picked mon-

sieur's tall silk hat from off a peg and

placed it carelessly upon his own head.

Next he caught up a large candy cane from

Madame saw him passing the windows,

stepping along briskly and swinging the

Then the good lady imitated her hus

closing the front door behind him.

that it is warm and close in this room!"

"Did you speak? Merciful heavens! Did

a golden flask from a silver one!

you speak, John Dough?"

he turned and fled.

Jules?

her life.

dering expression crept over his face.

grand gingerbread man rested.

and close in this room?"

He was baked to perfection!

the open door of a perfectly heated oven.

the ovens.

baking.

Grogrande.

The cakes and cookies came next,

"Now, you and your miserable tribe of holdup men can go to blazes," he said. "You are going to get precisely \$1 for that "If you want to go to the trouble of making a scene I have plenty of cash. You cannot accuse me of disorderly conduct. If one of your waiters dares to lay a finger on me I'll knock him through your plate selfish kindness take the following: Trolley car coming along a thoroughfare under which runs a branch of the subway. Drunken man on the trolley car, who wants to get off at a certain cross You can bulldeze an extra quarter out of some people upon false pretences, but so long as you've got that brass sign out front announcing dinner for a dollar I'll see you in kingdom come before I'll pay

street, which is also a station street of the subway. As he rises to go the drunken man sways uncertainly on his feet, as he does also on the platform of the car, and in the street. at the car steps, when he sets foot on the

automobiles passing; one likely to come along any second and pick up this drunken man and throw him forty-seven thousand feet, to come down somewhere without ever knowing what hit him; which the trolley conductor, who has an eye on him all the time as he steps down off the car,

And the conductor takes no chances He doesn't want a man put off his car run down, indicating possibly carelescness on his part, or haste in putting him off or in starting, getting him possibly into all sorts of troubly, and so, when he sees the drunken man still wabbling on his feet after he has stepped off the conductor acts promptly. has stepped of the conductor acts promptly.

Leaving the stop bell on he steps down himself from his car and gets back of the subbly drunken man and takes him by the shoulders and, half supporting, half guiding him, walks him firmly, but still gent y across the street and up to the subswalk and to safety by the side of the subswalk and to safety by the side of the subswalk and to safety by the side of the subswalk and to safety by the side of the subswalk and to safety by the side of the subswalk and to safety by the side of the subswalk and to safety by the side of the subswalk and the safety by the side of the safety by the safety way station sidewalk entrance shelter, around the end of which the drunken man gropes his way to the side, there to lean safe, at least for the moment, and safe so far as the conductor's actual and moral responsibility is concerned, while the conductor skips back to his our and yanks

Now there was an act that at first thought one might without question set down a-one of limited settleh kindness, but as a matter of fact the trolley conductor is human like the rest of up, and in his kind-ness toward this drunken must be may have heen aduated also be betweetest installed as indeed, not improbably he was, and in that one it would be necessary to make a new classification for it, and call this act limited-actifish-hemovolent variety.

From the Station Harried

The most glaring example of the bars on a shield is the case of the hadge of the Shaton police force, on which the har crosses from left to right, mateud of from right to left, then giving to every sensor of the shield the

Mishap of a Man Who Knew About Mushrooms, but Not About Gotf. Doolittle said be didn't know anything

was taken out of her flat to a hospital to-

day, and the doctor that came here to get

her was cautious to give it out that she

for appendicitis, but what do you suppose

straighten out the flat after the quarrel-

some old thing had been taken to the hos-

pital, she found one whole closet just filled

up to the top with bottles-beer and whiskey

and gin and rum and wine and all kinds of

bottles: just thousands of bottles, the jani-

tor's wife told me, and she had to spend the

whole afternoon picking them up and send-

"So it's pretty certain that Mrs. Vanjunk

was taken to the hospital for something

else than an operation for appendicitis

She had just a plain case of the jimjams

I verily believe, so I do, and I always thought

she was a drinking woman, she acted so

crazy sometimes, and her nose was mighty

"What's that you say? That my nose i

red, too, and that therefore I must drink

is due to deficient circulation, caused by

the fact that I have to stick in this flat

all the livelong time and never go anywhere

except to the theatre two or three times a

"What's that? I'm too eager to accuse

other people of doing things like drinking

and carousing? Oh, so you're taking up

for another one of them, then, are you?

How long have you been on chummy terms

with that withered up old Vanjunk woman

and then she looked like a nice clean,

honest, respectable person, with not a

sign or symptom of drink on her, and you

don't believe that she ever tagted liquor

in her life and you think she really is going

to be operated on for appendicitis just be

"Well, you're like all the rest of the men

-just great, big, hulking, pig headed sim-

pletons. That's all I've got to say. As if a women would have millions upon millions

of bottles in a closet and never drink

girl up on the sixth floor that's pounding

that piano all the time and driving the folks

on that floor crazy with her thumping?

Well, you know, she's always telling every-

body she knows that she has her tailor

gowns made by Gougerinesky, the Fifth

avenue tailor who gets anything he pleases

told me this afternoon? She was cleaning

up in the Reelting flat this morning while

they were all out up there, and in sweeping

up in the clothes closets she saw the tags

sewed in those dresses of the Reelting girl

that she brags so much about, and, would

you believe it, every blessed one of her

dresses is ready made and she buys 'em all

uppieh creature I ever heard of in all my

born days, and the very first time I meet

her in the hall I'm going to drop some little

hint about Fourteenth street just to see

Bless my soul and body, if the man isn't

sound asleep and snoring in his chair! Of

all the impudence. Going to sleep right

while I'm talking to him. Oh these incon-

DOOLITTLE'S ERROR.

her wither and shrivel up, and if she-"

"Greatest joke on that nonsensically

down on Fourteenth street.

siderate, brutal men.

"What do you suppose the janitor's wife

for every bit of work that he turns out.

"Oh, by the way, you know that Reelting

anything that the bottles contained.

cause her doctor says so, eh?"

Never saw her but once in your life, eh

red and---

I'd like to know?

ing them down in the dumb waiter!

the janitor's wife told me?

about golf, which was perfectly true, but of costumes for other women? That's it, was willing to follow them around the course and study birds and botany-Doolittle is long on botany. Bassette had told Doolittle that the course was full of hazards, so he was surprised

to find nothing more hazardous than a

few meadow brooks, which he crossed without any trouble, and he was really enjoying himself very much when he espied something white in the grass at his feet. He bent over and examined it eagerly. thinking it might be a new variety of mushroom-Doolittle is nearsighted but was disappointed to find that it was only a hard ball, very likely a golf ball, he thought

as he recalled Bassette's having mentioned his good luck in finding several of them a few days before and having said that they were worth from 75 cents to \$1 apiece. Picking it up, he put the ball in his pocket and went on looking for fungi.

Presently Doolittle met a stranger, who was lugging a heavy bundle of sticks and seemed to be looking for something. He appeared so anxious and was laboring under such a burden that Doolittle inquired sympathetically if he had lost anything. The stranger looked at him a little sharply, remarked that the ball must be near there

somewhere and passed on, dragging the sticks after him. Doolittle reflected a moment. He had intended presenting the ball to Bassette, but why shouldn't be help another out of a

but why shouldn't he help another out of a predicament, and at the same time turn an honest penny for himself? He called the stranger back.

"If this will do you any good," he said, pulling the bail out of his pocket, "you're welcome to it for whatever it's worth. I just picked it up a few rods back here."

The stranger stared at him curiousty.

"You found it over there, siid you?"

The stranger waved his hand in the dis-

The stranger waved his hand in the di-rection of a white object stuck up on a knoil back of a clump of bushes which Doolittle hadn't noticed before.

"Why, yes, I guess it was around there somewhere, though I couldn't say exactly.

You are I wan't.

You see. I wasn't And you would like to sell it to me?" "And you would like to sell it to me?"
The stranger drew a little nearer and it seemed to Doolittle that he now detected a shade of sarenem in the other's voice.

"As a favor," Doolittle replied, a little injured. "It's immaterial to me as I have a friend who.

But Doolittle never completed the sen-

tence. Some things that the stranger told Declittle apprised him, other things shocked Document him. It was all instructive After the stranger had this hed speaking, and he spoke fluently and at length, Document realized that he had erred. He also felt that he would not meddle with golf batte any more, but would confine himself.

fungi. THE THRENG OF THE CLOCK-Southing Company to Some Steepers—Cas

of Waterfulness in Others.

"Not all people," said the seweller, "like the ticking of a clock; it is a pleasant cound to most proper, but not to all "Mouse prophe stock haven three contints

Its ticking is company and it scares away the speeks. Such people would wake up if the clock should stop in the middle of the sleep with a clock in the same room and

who if they fraged themselves in a strange place any where with a clock in their sleeping, apartment would slop the clock before they event to host.

"Vid commo those in major of habit in this, but we have our famile about of orders, se-

ALE-4 HOT: The Chestnut Man Has a Pleasant Bream

All-a hot!" The voice had a familiar and yet a strange sort of subdued sound, as of a man wire and yes he was asleep, for a fact, and the smile on his face dreaming of pieces.

It had been a bad day, dramly and and uncomfortable, a day on which is wanted to stop to buy chestnuts or thing else if he could help it, one of the clays on which there is nothing doing chestnuts at all, and all day the chethat hash t wild thought to pay othercoad in his reaster; and which his being driven from pallar to past police he was weary, and making stand now he fell asless, shill chant in hol!" and dreaming of a racher short set, middle aged man with a small and a twinking eye, who had halfe stand, saving

"Give me a small measure," who

proceeded to enterpte cross his right has sade count possiblet, handling over their nicing but a five dollar mote with the year inequality change. I've got plea-"Bing! Bing!" and the cheefted who are the same a policy man of the chart of the chart of the weeks bears, who we we have the control the control of the cont